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OR,
REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

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REVIEW.

ART. I.—The Last Days of Lord Byron; with his Lordship's Opinions on various subjects, particularly on the State and Prospects of Greece.—By William Parry, Major of Lord Byron's Brigade, Commanding Officer of Artillery, &c. &c.—New-York—Wilder & Campbell. pp. 360. 1825.

THIS is one of those books which reflect greater praise on the compositor than the composer. It was to be expected that, on the death of the illustrious individual who is the subject of this volume, the press would be prolific in "more last words" and memoirs of him. In the prize-lists of genius and fame he had so long borne his honours without compeer or rival, and been applauded to the echo as the poetical champion of England and the age, that his death was announced by his countrymen as they would have recorded the loss of a battle, or any other subject of national sorrow. The smallest details of his conversation and conduct became of the highest interest, and, for a time, occupied, almost exclusively, the public attention. The anxiety for information in regard to his personal character and habits was increased by the destruction of the manuscripts committed to Moore; and every publication which promised to supply the deficiency, met with ready success. The life of an admired writer often contains little that has occurred beyond the precincts of his own chamber, and furnishes few adventures by flood or field, for the pen of his biographer. But if Lord Byron had had his Boswell, it would be fortunate for his fame. An honest chronicler might, perhaps, have illustrated his disposition with so many traits of kind and generous feeling, with so many instances of greatness and goodness united, as to drown every cry raised against his imperfections, his faults, and his follies, in one voice of renown. Major Parry's acquaintance with him was short, but he has come forward to contribute his quota of gratification for the curiosity of the times. We do not consider it necessary to enter into a minute examination of the manner in which he has discharged his undertaking. The volume contains least of that which is promised in the title-page, and the absence of which is to be most regretted. It is neither so well written, nor so amusing as Captain Medwin's "Conversations," and is about twice as large, but possesses, here and there, a few attractions, which we hasten to transfer to our pages. The time of our readers will be better employed with our extracts, than with our criticism. Parry's first interview with his Lordship is thus described:

"In five minutes after Colonel Stan-

hope had introduced me, every disagreeable thought had vanished; so kind, so cheering, so friendly was his Lordship's reception of me, that I soon forgot every unpleasant feeling. He gave me his hand, and cordially welcomed me to Greece. 'He would have been glad,' he said, 'to have seen me before; he had long expected me, and now that I was come, with a valuable class of men, and some useful stores, he had hopes that something might be done.' This was highly flattering to me, and I soon felt a part of that pleasure which beamed from his Lordship's countenance.

"On getting somewhat more at ease, I had time to look about me, and notice the room in which I was. The walls were covered with the insignia of Lord Byron's occupations. They were hung round with weapons, like an armoury, and supplied with books. Swords of various descriptions and manufacture, rifle-guns and pistols, carbines and daggers, were within reach on every side of the room. His books were placed over them on shelves, and were not quite so accessible. I afterwards thought, when I came to know more of the man and the country, that this arrangement was a type of his opinion concerning it. He was not one of those who thought the Greeks needed education before obtaining freedom: as I can now interpret the language, there was legibly written on the walls—'Give Greece arms and independence, and then learning; I am here to serve her, but I will serve her first with my steel, and afterwards with my pen.'

"Lord Byron was sitting on a kind of mattress, but elevated by a cushion that occupied only a part of it, and made his seat higher than the rest. He was dressed in a blue surtout coat and loose trowsers, and wore a foraging-cap. He was attended by an Italian servant, Tita, and a young Greek of the name of Luca, of a most prepossessing appearance. Count Gamba, too, came in and out the room, and Fletcher his servant, was also occasionally in attendance. His Lordship desired me to sit down beside him; his conversation very soon became animated, and then his countenance appeared even more prepossessing than at first."

The following account shows the manner in which he generally disposed of his time at Missolonghi.

"In whatever manner he may formerly have lived, during the time that I knew him in Greece, he was perfectly regular and systematic in his habits.

"He always rose at nine o'clock, or a little later, and breakfasted about ten.—This meal consisted of tea without either milk or sugar, dry toast, and water cress-

es. During his breakfast, I generally waited on him to make any reports which were necessary, and take his orders for the labours of the day. When this business was settled, I retired to give the necessary directions to the different officers, and returned so as to be back by eleven o'clock, or a quarter before. His Lordship then inspected the accounts, and in conjunction with his secretary, checked and audited every item in a business-like manner.

"If the weather permitted, he afterwards rode out; if he did not, he used to amuse himself by shooting at a mark with pistols. Though his hand trembled much, his aim was sure, and he could hit an egg four times out of five at the distance of ten or twelve yards.

"It was at this period of the day also, if he did not ride out, that he was generally visited by Prince Mavrocordato and the Primates. If he rode out, the latter visited him towards three or four o'clock, and the former came later in the evening, like one of his private friends. His rides were seldom extended beyond two hours, as he then returned and dined.

"The reader may form an idea of the fever of which Lord Byron died, when I mention his food. He ate very sparingly, and what he did eat was neither nourishing, nor heating, nor blood-making food. He very rarely touched flesh, ate very little fish, used neither spices nor sauces, and dined principally off dried toast, vegetables, and cheese. He drank a very small quantity of wine or cider; but indulged in the use of no spirituous liquors. He took nothing of any consequence during the remainder of the day, and I verily believe, as far as his own personal consumption was concerned, there was not a single Greek soldier in the garrison who did not eat more, and more luxuriously, than this tenderly brought-up, and long-indulged English gentleman and nobleman. He who had fed only on the richest viands of the most luxuriant parts of Europe, whose palate had been tickled, from his earliest days, with the choicest wines, now, at the call of humanity and freedom, submitted to live on the coarsest and meanest fare. He was ready, like some general of old Rome, to share the privations of the meanest soldier; and he showed, both by what he submitted to, and by the dangers he braved, that his love of liberty and of the good cause of mankind was not limited to writing a few words in their favour from a comfortable well-warmed library; or to sending from a table, smoking with all the superfluities of French cookery, a small check on his banker. The propriety and utility of some of his measures may possibly admit of a doubt, as, in fact, they

have been censured; but of the purity of his intentions, and the intenseness of his zeal, the dangers he encountered, the privations he submitted to, the time and money he bestowed, and the life he forfeited, there are such proofs as no other man in this age and country has given.

"After his dinner, Lord Byron attended the drilling of the officers of his corps in an outer apartment of his own dwelling. Here again he sat an admirable example. He submitted to be drilled with them, and went through all those exercises it was proper for them to learn. When these were finished, he very often played a game of single stick, or indulged in some other severe muscular exertion. He then retired for the evening, and conversed with friends, or employed himself, using the little assistance I was able to give him, studying military tactics. At eleven o'clock I left him, and I was generally the last person he saw, except his servants, and then he retired, not however to sleep, but to study. Till nearly four o'clock every morning he was continually engaged reading or writing, and rarely slept more than five hours; getting up again, as I have already said, at nine o'clock.—In this manner did Lord Byron pass nearly every day of the time I had the pleasure of knowing him."

"Lord Byron had one little hobby, which he has shared, I believe, with many distinguished men. He had a great fondness for curious arms of every description. He never saw a handsome or a useful sabre, a curious or a good pair of pistols, or a carbine of a peculiar construction, but he coveted it, and generally contrived to obtain it, at however great a cost. He had consequently a perfect magazine of curious and extraordinary, but at the same time useful, weapons; and though his armoury could not compare with that at the tower, it probably was not surpassed by the collection of any private man."

Those who may have imagined that Lord Byron's services in Greece were a mere "*vox et preterea nihil*," are referred to the next extract:

"About the 20th of March news reached us, that a large Turkish force was expected to march into Greece, by way of Larissa. At the same time we heard, that a congress or general meeting was to take place at Salona, to concert the best means of defence. To this congress Lord Byron was formally invited by General Ulysses. He was at the same time informed that the government would appoint him governor-general of Western Greece, if he would accept the office. This shows how highly they valued the continuance of his services, and how eager they all were to get him immediately, each into his own neighbourhood."

On the 15th of April, four days before his death, he used the following language:

"You have no conception of the unaccountable thoughts which come into my mind when the fever attacks me. I fan-

cy myself a Jew, a Mahomedan, and a Christian of every profession of faith.—Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world, but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines, are the greatest enemies of religion. I have read, with more attention than half of them, the book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space, who can conceive—none but God, on him I rely."

"I had never before felt as I felt that evening. There was the gifted Lord Byron, who had been the object of universal attention; who had, even as a youth, been intoxicated with the idolatry of men, and the more flattering love of women, gradually expiring, almost forsaken, and certainly without the consolation which generally awaits the meanest of mankind, of breathing out his last sighs in the arms of some dear friend. His habitation was weather-tight, but that was nearly all the comfort his deplorable room afforded him. He was my protector and benefactor, and I could not see him, whom I knew to have been so differently brought up, thus perishing, far from his home, far from all the comforts due to his rank and situation, far too from every fond and affectionate heart, without a feeling of deep sorrow, such as I should not have had at the loss of my own dearest relation. The pestilent *si-rocco* was blowing a hurricane, and the rain was falling with almost tropical violence. In our apartment was the calm of coming death, and outside was the storm desolating the spot around us, but carrying, I would fain hope, new life and vigour to some stagnant part of nature."

The note, page 128, affords a singular instance of Grecian credulity.

"At the very time Lord Byron died, there was one of the most awful thunder storms I ever witnessed. The lightning was terrific. The Greeks, who are very superstitious, and generally believe that such an event occurs whenever a much superior, or, as they say, a supreme man dies, immediately exclaimed, 'The great man is gone!' On the present occasion it was too true; and the storm was so violent as to strengthen their superstitious belief. Their friend and benefactor was indeed dead."

That his Lordship was fond of indulging in a practical joke, now and then, at the expense of his friends, abundantly appears.

"A few days after the earthquake, which took place on February 21st, as we were all sitting at table, in the evening, we were suddenly alarmed by a noise and a shaking of the house, somewhat similar

to that which he had experienced when the earthquake occurred. Of course, all started from their places, and there was the same kind of confusion as on the former evening, at which Byron, who was present, laughed immoderately; we were re-assured by this, and soon learnt that the whole was a method he had adopted to sport with our fears.

"Over the room where we were sitting, he had placed a number of Suliotes, who had been instructed, at a given signal, to catch hold of the rafters and jump on the floor with all their weight, so as to shake the house. They were on this point ready pupils, and effectually accomplished Lord Byron's wishes, by frightening the whole of the persons not let into the secret.

"I have been accused of gaining an influence over Lord Byron, by submitting to be his butt. The accusation is as injurious to his character as to mine; and, probably, as I cannot deny that I was one of the persons with whom he thus sported on this occasion, it is on this circumstance that the accusation is founded. But I did not submit to this practical joke without making those remonstrances, threatening to quit his Lordship's service, if such jokes were repeated, which were the only arms I could use. I may say, being a veteran in the service, that when dangers are to be encountered, which courage enables a man to surmount, I am not defective in this moral quality; but I am yet to learn if it be disgraceful to be terrified at so unlooked-for and so overwhelming a calamity; I am yet to learn if it be disgraceful to hasten from crumbling buildings, and seek that safety which flight may, but which nothing else, can give. I own that I thought then, as I think now, that this was carrying a joke somewhat too far; for, perhaps, of all visitations, an earthquake, from the suddenness, from the almost impossibility of escape, and from the wide-spread devastation it occasions, scarcely sparing the reason of those who witness it and survive, is the most terrific. If there be in nature one legitimate source for a panic, it must be the apprehension of an earthquake. We had all seen the ruins of one at Zante, we had heard of another at Aleppo, and consequently in Greece, a more unfit subject for a joke like the one I have described, cannot be conceived. So I told Lord Byron; and I have reason to believe, if he had before met with similar reproof, when he indulged in similar tricks, he would never have incurred the disgrace which belongs to him for this.

"Opposite to Lord Byron's quarters was a house built in the Turkish fashion, having little turrets, on the top of which were a number of small ornaments. The house was inhabited chiefly by women. One of Lord Byron's most frequent amusements was to shoot at these ornaments with his pistols; and he was so expert, that he seldom missed. Before his death the house was entirely stripped of all its ho-

nours. Every time he fired, however, the report brought forth some of the women, who scolded most vehemently in the Greek language, proving, as he said, that it had not lost any of its *Billingsgate* since the time of Homer's heroes. The women seemed glad of the opportunity of giving free license to their tongues, and Byron said, he liked so much to hear and see them, that he would not be without the sport for a considerable sum.

'The regiment, or rather the brigade we formed, can be described only as he himself described it. There was a Greek tailor, who had been in the British service in the Ionian Islands, where he had married an Italian woman. This lady, knowing something of the military service, petitioned Lord Byron to appoint her husband master-tailor of the brigade.—The suggestion was useful, and this part of her petition was immediately granted. At the same time, however, she solicited that she might be permitted to raise a corps of women, to be placed under her orders, to accompany the regiment. She stipulated for free quarters and rations for them, but rejected all claim for pay.—They were to be free of all incumbrances, and were to wash, sew, cook, and otherwise provide for the men. The proposition pleased Lord Byron, and stating the matter to me, said, he hoped I should have no objection. I had been accustomed to see women accompany the English army, and I knew, that though sometimes an incumbrance, they were, on the whole, more beneficial than otherwise. In Greece there were many circumstances which would make their services extremely valuable, and I gave my consent to the measure. The tailor's wife did accordingly recruit a considerable number of unincumbered women, of almost all nations, but principally Greeks, Italians, Maltese, and Negresses. 'I was afraid,' said Lord Byron, 'when I mentioned this matter to you, you would be crusty, and oppose it—it is the very thing. Let me see, my corps outdoes Falstaff's: there are English, Germans, French, Maltese, Ragusians, Italians, Neapolitans, Transylvanians, Russians, Suliotes, Moreotes, and Western Greeks, in front; and to bring up the rear, the tailor's wife and her troop. Glorious Apollo! no general had ever before such an army.'"

There is much good sense in the remarks of Lord Byron, upon the form of government best calculated for the Greeks, and with their insertion we shall close our extracts:

"In the United States of America there is more practical freedom, and a form of government both abstractedly better and more suited to the situation of the Greeks than any other model I know of. From what I have already said of the different interests and divisions which prevail in Greece, it is to me plain that no other government will suit it so well as a federation. I will not say a federation of

republics; but a federation of states:—each of these states having that particular form of government most suitable to the present situation and wishes of its people. There is no abstract form of government which we can call good. I won't say with Pope, that 'whate'er is best administered, is best,' but I will say, that every government derives its efficiency, as well as its power, from the people. Despotism cannot exist where they are not sluggish, inert, insensible to political rights, and careless of any thing but animal enjoyment. Neither can freedom flourish where they confide implicitly in one class of men, and where they are not one and all watchful to protect themselves, and prevent both individual and general encroachment.

"In the Islands and on the Continent, wealth and power are very differently distributed, and the governments are conducted on different principles. It would be absurd, therefore, and perhaps impossible, to give the islands and the continent the same sort of government. I say, therefore, the Grecian confederation must be one of states, and not of republics.—Any attempt of an individual, or of any one state to gain supremacy, will bring on civil war and destruction. At the same time the federation might have a head like the United States of America. Each state might be represented in a congress, and a president elected every four years in succession, from one of the three or four great divisions of the whole federation. The Morea might choose the first president, the second might be elected by the Islands, Western Greece might select the third, and should Candia be united with Greece, which is necessary for the permanent independence of the whole, its inhabitants should, in their turn, elect a fourth president. On some plan of this kind a federation of the States of Greece might be formed, and it would be recommended to the Greeks by bearing some faint resemblance to the federation of their glorious ancestors; but any attempt to introduce one uniform system of government in every part of the country, however excellent in principle, will only embroil the different classes, generating anarchy, and ending in slavery.

"No system of government in any part of Greece can be permanent, which does not leave in the hands of the peasantry the chief part of the political power.—They are warmly attached to their country, and they are the best portion of the people. Under a government in the least degree equitable, they must increase rapidly, both in numbers and wealth: and unless they are now placed, in a political point of view, on an equality with other classes, it will soon be necessary to oppress them. They are not now sensible of their own importance, but they soon will be under a Greek government, and they can only be retained in obedience by gaining over their affections."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Outlines of Geology, being the Substance of a Course of Lectures on that Subject, delivered in the Amphitheatre of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by William Thomas Brande, F. R. S. Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, &c

I SHALL endeavour, in this preliminary discourse, to give a very brief outline of the origin and progress of geological science; to explain particularly the mode of pursuing it which it is proposed, upon the present occasion, to adopt; to show the interest and the usefulness of the study in its various applications, as illustrating the natural history of our planet; as unfolding those adjustments of inanimate nature which are calculated to display the wisdom of the creation; as leading us to results useful in the arts of life; and as propounding to the inquisitive mind an infinite variety of questions and speculations connected with the causes of the effects which we now perceive; with the events which they announce as having happened at remote and obscure periods of the history of the earth; and with the various revolutions and changes which our globe seems destined to undergo, by the continued operation of the powers now active; and by that perpetual warfare of the elements to which its surface is continually submitted. The bare mention of these, the genuine and legitimate objects of Geological science, naturally brings to the mind the awful and magnificent account of the creation, conveyed to us in scriptural history; and geological writers have not unfrequently attempted to combine their speculations with the announcements of holy writ. Mixing up the chronology of Moses and the history of the deluge with their own short-sighted speculations, and with observations hastily made and imperfectly reasoned upon, they have presumed, on the one hand, to verify and illustrate, and on the other to question and controvert. But the arrogance of imperfect knowledge is nearly equally prevalent in both; "nothing," says Lord Bacon, "is more pernicious than to canonize error: and again, adverting to the blending of natural philosophy with sacred writ, he calls it "seeking the dead among the living," and justly observes, that "such vanity is so much the rather to be restrained and suppressed, as from the wild mixture of divine things with human, arise, not only fantastical philosophies, but heretical religions." Far, therefore, from endeavouring to explain or controvert the arguments which have thus been by some annexed to, and blended with, geology, I shall altogether omit them, referring such as are interested in the legitimate part of the discussion to the masterly work of Mr. Granville Penn, entitled "a Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaic Geologies," and I shall almost exclusively confine myself to the detail of those facts which lead to useful conclusions; hypotheses I shall not enlarge upon, because

our time is very limited, and they rather amuse than instruct; and I shall only lightly touch upon such theories as are remarkable for their notoriety, or important from their connexion with, and illumination by, the leading facts of our science: but upon this subject, I propose to explain myself more fully in another lecture.

Geological writers may be divided, into those who are purely speculative; those who have built theories upon the examination of the structure of the earth's surface, or, at least, profess to do so; and those who, discarding speculation and theory, have contented themselves with the abstract detail of facts.

Of the former class, Dr Thomas Burnet, who must not, as he sometimes has been, be confounded with the celebrated Bishop of Salisbury, with whom he was contemporary, stands pre-eminent. This writer, in his *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, which was originally published in Latin between 1680 and 1690, and translated into English at the express request of Charles II. and which has been extolled for its eloquence and ingenuity by many of the most eminent authors, has taken a review of the past changes of the globe, contrasts them with those it is now undergoing, and fortells those which it is to suffer; and as the name of Burnet is continually occurring in geological history, it will not, I trust, be thought irrelevant, briefly to enumerate his opinions, more especially as this is the only time that I shall mention him or his doctrines.

In the first place, he ransacks scriptural and profane history, selecting from each such statements as suit his particular object, and endeavours to show that the primeval earth, as it arose out of elementary chaos, was of a form and structure different from that which it now exhibits, and so contrived as to contain within itself the materials necessary to the production of an universal deluge. He tells us that when the elements separated from the original fluid mass, the heaviest particles tending to a centre, constituted a nucleus upon which water and air afterwards assumed their respective stations. The air, however, was not as we now see it, a transparent attenuated medium, but it was loaded with exhalations and impurities which it gradually let fall upon the surface of the water, and then floated upon the whole in cloudless serenity. The deposited matter, constituting a rich crust, sent forth its vegetable productions, and soon became clothed with uninterrupted verdure; every thing was smooth, soft, and regular, and there was, he says, an universal spring; for the plane of the ecliptic was coincident with that of the equator. In process of time, however, the green and even surface just described, began to suffer from the continuous action of the sun's rays, which formed cracks and fissures that ultimately extended to the abyss of waters beneath, and these being sent forth by elastic vapours expanded by heat, soon inundated the superficies; an universal deluge ensued; and, in the violent

shocks and concussions that attended it, rocks and mountains and all the inequalities of the present surface had their origin; then the waters gradually subsided into the residuary cavities forming the ocean, and partly were absorbed into the crevices of the disjointed strata and nucleus; vegetation began to re-appear, and the once uninterrupted and uniform surface was now broken up into islands and continents, and mountains, and valleys. Absurd, as from this condensed and unadorned sketch, Burnet's narrative must appear, it is told with such ingenuity and elegance, and supported with so much erudition, as to entitle it to all the merit that can belong to a highly elaborate and poetical fiction. Addison has eulogized it in Latin verse, Steele has praised it in the *Spectator*; and Warton, in his essay on Pope, ranks the author "with the select few in whom are united the great faculties of the understanding; judgment, imagination, memory."

But, although Burnet received and deserved the encomiums of the learned, the praise that he earned is rather that of the poet than of the philosopher. Dr Flammstead, adverting to his rich vein of poetical diction, told him "that there went more to the making of a world than a well-turned period;" and Mr. Warren, and Dr. Keill, of Oxford, each refuted and abused him as a theorist. Yet Burnet's work continued to be read, not for its philosophic truths or theoretic consistency, but for its splendid imagery, noble sentiments, and sublime conceptions.

To be Continued.

SELECTIONS.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LITERARY EXCELLENCE.

HUMAN knowledge has been gradually increasing from the earliest ages of the world down to the present period. The mind of man, proceeding from step to step, has been continually expanding and enlarging as the vast field for improvement widened into view. The man who was considered a prodigy in literature, in former days, when the dark cloud of ignorance hid from the gaze of men, comparatively, the bright beams of science, would in modern times sink far below mediocrity.—As men are continually improving in science, so also is the standard of literary excellence proportionably elevated. New objects for improvement present themselves to the mind—new discoveries are continually making, and literature and science are hastening with rapid strides towards the summit of human perfection. On this account, it is obvious, that were not the criterion by which literary excellence is adjudged, continually moving in proportion as knowledge increased, succeeding generations would stand forth decked with the plumes that belonged to their fathers, and claiming merits not their own. Nothing is more common than to see men, the shal-

lowness of whose intellect is scarcely equalled by their impudent officiousness, rising to some high eminence in the literary world—and nothing is more common than to see them precipitated, sooner or later, from their ill-gained heights into the "deep dark" gulf of oblivion below. There is naturally a very great diversity in the mental abilities of man; while some are endowed by nature with Newtonian minds, and are able to scale the highest walls in science, others, although with many advantages from other sources, plod their way through life undistinguished and unknown—yet often is it, that those whom nature has apparently most slighted, by means of their close application and unwearied efforts, are distinguished for their superior talent, and for that knowledge which is durable as time itself. On the other hand, how often is it that those upon whom nature has been most lavish of her gifts, continually decrease in their literary character till at length they are scarcely known, or known only to be reproached for the abuse of those privileges which they were so fortunate as to possess. No one should consider the talents which nature has given him as an inexhaustible fund to which no addition is necessary. Perseverance is the only key which can unlock the vast treasures which are in most men's bosoms, and without which they would for ever remain unseen. Literary excellence does not consist in the mere brilliant effusions of an unrestrained mind, nor in the momentary flashes of a superficial intellect, but in that steady overpowering force of genius, before which ignorance vanishes like snow before the burning heat of *Ætna*. The man of literary excellence possesses a correct judgment—a sound understanding—and in short, a keen and penetrating mind.

A young man, who was paying his addresses to an Irish girl, had gained so far on her affections that she had consented to attend him to the temple of Hymen, when some economical fears arose in his breast which cooled the flame Cupid had kindled; he therefore waited on his destined bride, and began to talk of hard times, household expenses, &c. till her patience being exhausted, she very politely turned him out of the house. Her mistress, hearing the noise, called to know what it was. "Nothing, madam," replied she, "but kicking the cares of the world out of doors."

In those gentlemen whom the world forsooth calls wise and solid, there is generally either a moroseness that persecutes, or a dullness that tires you. If the good sense they boast of happens to be serviceable to you once in your life, it is so impertinent as to disturb you every day.

Few accidents are so unhappy but may be mended by prudence; few so happy but may be ruined by imprudence.

From the United States Literary Gazette.

DESCRIPTION OF MADRID.

Palace Royal—Palace of the Retiro—Equestrian Statue of Philip IV—Museum of the Prado—Public Hospitals—Chapel of the Convent of Las Salesas.

Madrid, 10th March, 1825.

The Spanish Capital, I believe, is less frequently visited by our countrymen than any other in Europe; and this, not so much from its being destitute of interest, as from causes peculiar to its situation—to the inattention paid to the comforts of travellers—and particularly, at the present day, to the great insecurity of their persons and property. I will, therefore, in compliance with your desire, give you such a sketch of this capital as my hasty and busy visit will enable to do.

In approaching Madrid from the north (and I am told it is the same from the other quarters) there is nothing which indicates the approach to a great and ancient city. No flourishing villages; no perceptible increase of travellers; no city equipages in pursuit of air and exercise; no trees, and but a scanty and imperfect cultivation of the soil. The city is not perceived from the road by which I came, till within half a mile of it; when it is suddenly, and for nearly its whole extent, presented to the view. Its first appearance is by no means prepossessing; indeed it was rather that of an Asiatic than a European city, and reminded me of the panorama I had seen of Grand Cairo.—Nor does its interior correspond at all with its renown. One would expect to see, in a city which had been the residence of a Charles V., and of a Philip II., into whose coffers the Americas had been so long emptying their inexhaustible supplies of gold and silver—a city within whose walls a king of France had been kept as a prisoner, and whose monarchs had given law to Europe—something corresponding with such power and such riches; but whoever expects this will be disappointed. The troops, who are garrisoned here for the preservation of the precious life of Ferdinand, give some life and animation to the scene; but excepting these every thing wears the appearance of the poverty and distress inevitably resulting from the late repeated revolutions, not less than from present misrule.

Of the palaces, that in which the royal family now reside was intended to have been one of the most magnificent in the world, but a want of means has prevented its completion. As it is, however, it presents the most beautiful and chaste piece of architecture to be seen here. It is situated advantageously, on an eminence, with abundant space on every side. It forms a square, each side of which is four hundred and seventy feet, and is built of handsome gray stone. The workmanship of the interior, the paintings, tapestry, furniture, &c. are said to be of the richest and most costly kind, and worthy the observation of strangers; but strangers are not admitted while the royal family inhabit it, which is the case during winter.

The palace of the Retiro, without the walls of the city, is likewise situated on an eminence, and with its gardens, woods, pond, &c. is enclosed within a high wall. This was the favourite residence of Philip IV., who was at great expense in ornamenting it; and of whom there is an equestrian statue of great beauty, which is so elevated as to be seen to advantage from without the wall. This statue is curious from the ingenuity and skill exhibited by the artist, in giving to such an enormous weight an equilibrium which enables it to be supported, on its hind feet only, in the attitude of rearing up. It is of four times the natural size, and weighs eighteen thousand pounds. This royal residence was much defaced by the French during the time of Napoleon.

Near to this, and fronting the Prado, is a magnificent building, in an unfinished state, of about four hundred feet front, called the Museum of the Prado. Its vast halls are used for the royal collection of paintings; and there is an academy held here for instruction in that art. It is open two days in the week for visitors, when any well-dressed people are admitted gratis. The custom-house, the post-office, the house containing the cabinet of natural history, &c. are among the most splendid buildings of the city; the two former, in particular, are on a gigantic scale. There are, also, many of the houses of the nobles which are worthy of observation, rather however for extent and size than for beauty of materials or chasteness of style;—such as those of the duke of Medina Celi, of the duke of Villahermosa, of the duke of Liria, of the Prince of Peace, and others.

The three great hospitals are on a scale of magnitude corresponding with the former rich state of the country, to which they were an honour. They are said to receive, one year with another, from twenty to twenty-five thousand sick; but this must have been before the great decline of the population of the city. There are, besides, a number of hospitals of less magnitude; and, moreover, a number of houses for charitable purposes, such as a foundling and a lying-in house, and one for the reception of the old and infirm, one for orphan boys, and another for girls, who are to be taken care of until they can earn their living, &c. And yet, with all these benevolent establishments, the streets are thronged with beggars. The houses generally, belonging to the commonalty of the city, make a very ordinary appearance without; and, owing to the economy necessary to be observed with regard to fuel, are, at this season of the year, very uncomfortable within. They are from two to four, and a few of them, five stories high, built of half-baked bricks, and plastered; and the plaster, occasionally falling off, gives them a ruinous appearance. The windows of the lower story have a barricade of heavy iron bars the whole length, which give them the resemblance of prisons. The entrance is by great, unwieldy doors, which are left

open during the day, and the entry or court seems to be considered as much for the use of the public as the streets, and generally, are much more offensive to the *olfactories*. To get at a family, who are up one flight of stairs, some preliminary steps are required. On ringing at the door, a servant comes, and before opening it, asks—"who's there?"—If the answer is not satisfactory, a slide is removed, which covers a hole cut in the door, about five inches square, across which are nailed pieces of iron. Here a parley takes place, and the person is admitted or not, as is judged proper. The rooms are generally lofty, and finished with some taste, though roughly. Some few, inhabited by the most wealthy, have fire-places, which appear to have been constructed in the earliest period of the invention of those conveniences, being built square, and from three to four feet deep, so that those only who sit directly in front of the fire can see it, or feel its effects. But, generally, families use the *brazero*, which is a great pan of coals, set in a wooden frame, in the centre of the room; and during dinner, under the table. Fuel is very dear here. Wood is now at about forty cents the hundred pounds, for it is sold by weight; and yet, notwithstanding this scarcity, and the vacant lands in the vicinity of the city adapted to its cultivation, there is not sufficient enterprise in the community for its accomplishment.—The poorer class can afford to keep no more fire than is barely sufficient for the purposes of cooking; and in the sunshiny days they are seen—men, women, and children—performing their domestic labours under the sunny side of their houses and walls.

I feel I ought to beg pardon of the Church for having neglected to notice her temples before the buildings already enumerated. This omission may have been caused by the circumstance of there being no churches here which are remarkable for beauty or magnificence—none, corresponding either with the pomp of the national religion, or with those which are common in most of the provincial towns of this kingdom. Churches and monasteries, however, abound here; and some of the latter are upon a scale sufficiently extensive to hasten the ruin of a state whose affairs are managed with more wisdom than are those of Spain. The only convent I visited was that of Las Salesas, built by Don Fernando VI., in the year 1749, for the education of noble females. It is a square of great extent, and for this reason only its exterior is remarkable. But its chapel, the finest in Madrid, is worthy the attention of strangers. It is, as usual, in the form of a cross. Over the centre of which is a spacious dome, surmounted by a cupola, from whence it is lighted. The view from below up to this cupola of about two hundred feet, is uninterrupted. The ceiling of the dome is ornamented with beautiful paintings, by some of the best Spanish masters. The great altar is ornamented

with four solid columns of beautiful green marble, of one piece, each seventeen feet in height. The capitals and bases are of bronze gilt. A great painting in the centre, painted by Murillo, in Naples, representing the Visitation; and the statues in white marble, on either side of the altar, of San Fernando VI. and his queen Barbara, are all very beautiful. Behind an immense iron grating, (gilt,) and on one side of the great altar, I heard the nuns repeating their prayers, which resembled the responses, excepting that there was no pause of the congregation of an Episcopal church.

To be continued.

LAWYERS AND MERCHANTS

THERE was a time when proud families, though very poor, thought themselves degraded by their sons entering into trade. Better notions now prevail, and, as long as England is a country, trade and commerce will be the main highway for the bulk of her middling classes to enter into wealth and competence. The profession of the law, nevertheless receives a great many superfluous pupils, who prefer it solely from an aristocratic liking for its gentility. Many men enter on the profession, who prone as men are to overrate their own abilities, know themselves quite well enough to be conscious that their prospects of rising to legal honours and emoluments is a forlorn hope. Yet they prefer this forlorn hope to businesses which brings humbler associations to the mind with regard to precedence in society. This is, at least, one great cause of the profession of the law being overstocked; and connected with this aristocratic predilection, there may also be a more pardonable pride, in a young man choosing a profession that may lead him, more than an unlearned vocation, into intellectual companionship and society. Looking at much of its business, the law is one of the most servile vocations that a man can follow—avocation of hireable zeal—of eloquence to let, indifferently, for the purposes of justice and chicanery—a profession tending to give apathy, sophistry and contractedness to the human mind. On the other hand, the increase of commerce, and of the intercourse of civilized nations, must continue to give new importance every day to the mercantile character, and in proportion as manufactures flourish, the successful manufacturer will cease to be a plodding and mechanical speculator, and will derive his success from scientific improvements and inventions. Perhaps the knowledge either becoming or requisite in a finished mercantile man is really more liberal, though less technical, than what goes to constitute a mere lawyer. The knowledge of foreign languages—of domestic and foreign statistics—and of political economy, ought to enter fully into the education of a British merchant of superior grade; and the manufactures of England have been the most important springs of national glory in the arts and sciences. As to the literature of taste

and imagination, there is no reason why a merchant or manufacturer should not have as much time and leisure to addict himself to it, as the lawyer or any other professional man; and, in fact, there may be seen in that part of our community which lives by trade, a general fondness for polite literature, distinctly marked by the books which fill their libraries, and by the literary institutions which they support. The establishment of a College in London would promote the literary and scientific character of all that portion of the community—it would raise their respectability—it would occasion the young man, who is choosing his vocation for life, to anticipate no illiterate companionship, if he should go from his college to a counting house—it would dissipate many prejudices about the comparative gentility of professions; and, instead of tending to overstock the profession of the law, would rather tend to diminish the number of its candidates.

From the Emporium.

THE STUDENT IN LOVE.

IT was on one of those cold, and cheerless, and solitary autumn days, which every one remembers with a solemn countenance; in which the sky was covered with dull, gray clouds; and the winds blew, and blew, and blew, from that endless fountain of mist and storm, the lowering east, and the rain came pattering down in all the monotonousness of a long storm, that a stranger dismounted from his horse at Mr. Archer's gateway and approached with measured pace the old stone mansion, which stood in ancient simplicity and strength, at the lane end, the residence of that worthy gentleman and his interesting family. The long thin face and plodding step of the stranger, bespoke him a student, on travel to recruit his health, worn thread-bare by the long summer days of studious application through which he had passed. And so he proved to be. Though ere his name was announced, or his letters of introduction produced, the old servant, in obedience to the standing rule of the country, had unsaddled his horse, and led him to a comfortable repast in the barn.

No one who has not wandered far enough from the confines of the city to be a stranger and alone in a strange country, can realize the comfort and happiness that, on a day like the one we have described, springs up in the heart at the reception the traveller meets with at the farmer's fire-side—even before he is invited he feels himself a welcome guest, for the servant who comes cheerfully forward, takes his horse by the bridle, and tells him he will put him up—then the master of the house greets him with an open hand and a pleasant face, and leads him to a warm and comfortable seat by the clean fire-side—and the family bid him such a cordial welcome—no parade, no sickening ceremonies, no scrapes and bows, and formal introductions, but the frank open-hearted invitation to "make

yourself at home," so given as to force you to believe and feel that you are indeed at home. Such was the reception of our young gentleman, whose face gradually relaxed its severity, while he sat amidst the family group, and warmed and dried himself and sipped a glass of prime cider, and cast a glance alternately at Mr. Archer, who sat opposite, perusing his letters of introduction, and at his two beautiful daughters who were engaged at the table with their needles.

The stranger had brought such credentials as secured him the warm hospitality of the family, in whose mansion he became, for the time, a resident, and partook in all the innocent amusements which tend to throw a peculiar charm over the leisure hours of a summer in the country. Towards the young ladies, his deportment was somewhat reserved—and as this was attributed to his secluded habits, rather than to any natural timidity, they were only the more anxious, by their kind and familiar attention, to render his situation agreeable and pleasant; and when the period which put a limit to his visit arrived, he left the mansion, and returned to his home and the duties of his profession.

But precisely the same circumstances sometimes originate far different impressions in different minds. Our young student had fallen violently in love with the youngest of Mr. Archer's daughters, and sure he was that he had ample testimony of the attachment being returned—while on the other hand, the sisters in common, with all the family, regarded their late guest as a friend—but simply as a friend.

Plodding on his weary way, Wilton, for that was the name of our hero, sent many a longing thought to the scene of his summer ramble, and formed a thousand resolves about the future prosecution of his attachment, when, one day, happening to pick up a country paper that had strayed into the office, he read the astounding intelligence, that Matilda Archer was married! His head dropped upon his hand, and his heart beat with tremendous violence, for full thirty minutes—and as he regained self-possession, he lost at once all fortitude and reason. The first thing he thought of was shooting himself outright—the second, writing a desperate letter to the faithless girl, and the third was to arm himself with a letter and pistol, and post in person to Mr. Archer's, accuse his frail mistress of her perfidy, and blow out his brains in her presence.

The last plan was put in course of execution. Down he posted like a madman—and having arrived at the gateway he dismounted, forgot to tie his horse, who very quietly turned his head homeward and walked off—and entered the parlour, bespattered as he was with dirt—his hair standing on end, and his right hand firmly grasping a pistol. The first face he met was that of his fair tormentor—"So, madam," said he, fiercely, "you are married?"—"Me," said the astonished girl, "why, Mr. Wilton, I am not married—it

is my sister!"—"By heavens," returned the student, as the recollection flashed upon his mind—"I have made a mistake in the name!" The poor fellow's acquaintance had been of so particular a kind that he had really forgotten Mr. Archer's youngest daughter bore the sweet name of Julia.

I never heard the remainder of the story—but it always comes into my mind, when I read of a breach of promise of marriage, or learn that one of my acquaintance has been jilted in a courtship. These matters, it seems to me, cannot be well done, when they turn out as they sometimes do.

From the Free Press.

MY UNCLE OLIVER.

COURTEOUS reader, were you ever acquainted with uncle Oliver Fairweather? If not, you are certainly to be pitied; for you have lost an opportunity of becoming the friend of one of the most openhearted, generous, and benevolent men, which this nation could ever boast—frank, unhesitating, and undisguised in his dislikes or his preferences, few could boast a larger circle of friends, or enjoy the happiness of being more universally respected. His fatherly disposition, and unwavering kindness, had secured for him the appellation of "Uncle Oliver," although strangers generally addressed him by his appropriate title of Esq. Fairweather.—Without any pretences to an acquaintance with the *isms* and *ologies* of the day, he possessed knowledge sufficient to redeem him from the charge of ignorance, and abundantly qualify him for the station he occupied in society.

Among the young 'shavers,' as he used to call us, who frequented his paternal dwelling, were patted on the head, and regaled with plum-cake, apples, and gingerbread, I was one; and as age has its partialities, I became the favourite of the good old gentleman, an inmate of the mansion, and a partner in its "hereditaments and appurtenances."

As childhood and youth wore away, and sober manhood came creeping on, I found him the same, and his counsel and his cash were freely mine. With what delight did I leave the huge pile of dusty writers with which I was surrounded, and fly to the hospitable mansion of Fairweather, listen to his tales, and enjoy his friendship.

But why not out with the fact at once? why not speak the truth and shame the devil? why not own that there was a little blue-eyed, dimple-cheeked nymph, who hovered about the mansion, and who I fondly flattered myself exhibited more than usual pleasure and animation in her tale-telling eyes, when I happened to be a guest; and, I verily believe, the father had observed what he would, in any other case, have termed a "snickering inclination" in us for each other's company—Be that as it may, Harriet was rarely absent when fortune permitted my presence, and we were, I believe, mutually pleased

when accident or design threw us in each other's company. Indeed, I know not what might have been the result, had not that indefatigable foe to human bliss, old dry bones, interposed, and jealous of my happiness, transplanted the lovely plant to a more congenial sky, where she still blooms, "herself the fairer flower." To the good old man the blow was tremendously severe, and if he did not sink under it, it was because his hopes were fixed—not on the world. It was easy to perceive the chief prop of his earthly hopes had been forcibly taken from his arms, and the advances of old age, if no more rapid, were in their effects more plainly discernible. Age, if it deprives of some privileges, has also its advantages; and I have often thought that a cheerful, talkative old age, such as "Uncle Oliver" enjoyed, was one of the greatest blessings conferred on man by a beneficent Providence.

"Uncle Oliver's" hobby, or penchant, as age increased, was to compare the employments, manners, and dress, of the youth of his day, with those of that time; and many an hour, when leisure permitted, have I sat listening to his tales of yore. "Ah, my dear George," he would say, slapping me on my shoulder, "what are our lads now to those of 1730? mere mushrooms! Where is one who can mow his acre before breakfast—cradle six acres per day—or perform any other labour what was then considered the work of a day? Though I say it myself, were I as active and smart now as I was then, I could wear down half a dozen of your broadcloth and cambric gentry—and I can do it now," said he, rising from his seat, and walking across the room with the agility of one-and-twenty. "My parents, you know, died and left me when I was only fifteen, to superintend this place, and manage an extensive property, besides providing for a numerous family of younger brothers and sisters—I did it—but now, when a man dies, the first thing is to witness sales and sacrifices to support those who ought to provide for themselves. I have no patience when I witness the manner in which the foplings of the day bedeck themselves; their little straight coats, fit only for the jacket of a lunatic or a bed-lamite—finger rings—ruffled shirts—and broaches—Oh! we may expect any thing but men, when those who are born of women descend to such fooleries." But, uncle, although you did not run into such extravagancies as many now do, yet your wishes, when young, with regard to fashionable dress, were not entirely disregarded, for I think I have heard, that in your younger days, you were something of a beau yourself.

"It is true, George, (said he,) I dressed, but how? My clothes were good, but plain; and they were reserved for extra occasions:—what would people have thought of Oliver Fairweather, had they seen him strutting about the streets with his watch in his fob, his ruffles, and rings, on a week day, instead of his plain far-

mer's dress, substantial homemade, and his frock. When night came, instead of complaints of wearied limbs and weak eyes, the natural consequences of dainty diet and cotton garments: I read a paper, wrote a letter, or wore off the fatigue of the day in the merry dance. Ah! 'there were giants in those days.' Half of the young men of the present day are so unwell, so complaining, and weakly, that they must live by their wits, or not at all: when I was young, a lad was not selected for college because he was fit for nothing else—had that been the case, who would have seen the Ames, the Randolphs, the Adamsons, and Franklins of the revolution! But what better can be expected when such looking bipeds as disgrace the name of women, are permitted to become mothers. How can the children have hearts to swell and glow with generous and patriotic emotions, when that of their mother is compressed into the narrow space allowed by the corset and tourniquet—when the very current of life, instead of flowing in healthy and vigorous streams to the heart, is compelled to creep through the stagnating channels which have been left open, only because it was out of the power of stay-tape and buckram to reach and close them."

"But, my dear sir, (said I, again interrupting him,) although I have never been so happy as to see a woman dressed as you would wish, yet there are some fine, full-length portraits hanging in the hall, from the diminutive size of whose waists, one would not be led to suppose the art of compression was wholly a modern invention."

"Ah! (replied he with animation,) such portraits are worth looking at.—Could you have seen the beautiful Miss Emily Paulding, as there represented, how would your modern beauties pall upon your refined taste. It is true there was compression, but where?—Was the bosom, that 'most beautiful part of a beautiful woman,' as Burke has justly said, disfigured in so shocking a manner as among the figurantes of the present day?—No! while the chest was left free to expand; while the lungs were left free to play, and the blood to flow in the channels that nature designed—the waist, where the girdle of Venus can only gracefully be placed, was made as tapering and as slender as your most fastidious beauties could wish. I acknowledge there were then some excesses in dress, but they were not of that fatally pernicious character which characterizes those of the present fashionable belle. The girl who came to church with a hoop in the bottom of her quilted silk petticoat six feet in diameter—shoes with wooden heels four inches in height—and a roll of muslin and lace on her head two feet perpendicular, was then laughed at for her pains; but her personal figure was not destroyed, her health ruined, and she fitted only to 'breed fools and suckle sinners,' as is the case with too many who are at present figuring in the beau monde!"

The clock struck nine, and as I knew

the regular and invariable hours of the excellent man, for such, notwithstanding his foibles, he was—I wished him “Good night!” and retired, compelled to acknowledge that he was more than half right, although I could not believe the appearance of my adored fair one would be improved by such a costume as he had described.

THE MEDDLER.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

LOVE AT EIGHTEEN.—No. 2.

It was in the autumn of the same year that I accidentally became acquainted with Adela — The first moment I saw her I felt myself the willing slave of her power. It was not like the former case—slow and gradual: ’twas the glance of a moment. Her form, which was below the middle size, was graceful and airy in the extreme; and her dark hair fell in curls upon a cheek which, when irradiated by the smile of joy, was irresistibly bewitching; but the smile of enjoyment was not always there, for she had been unfortunate. Her father had been possessed of an independence, but had lost all by gambling, and threw his family upon the world unprotected—and yet she loved that father. It would be needless to say that my visits were repeated again and again. She was very fond of reading, and I supplied her with books; from this circumstance I was politely received; but I could not be satisfied with this. She was affable and good natured; my visits were constant, and I sometimes thought that her eye seemed to say I intruded too much on her time and patience. To stay away, however, was beyond the power of possibility. I continued visiting, while I found her power was increasing hourly, if possible; but it was not until some months after our acquaintance that I knew and felt that power in all its might. I had engaged to make a complimentary visit to a friend in the western part of the state for a few weeks. I called on her before I left, and could not repress the feelings I endured. She wished me a pleasant jaunt—requested me to call on my return—but with such apparent heartless unconcern that I left her with indignation, and promised never to see her—to forget her.

I soon reached my friend’s house, where I was received with a cheerful welcome, while every exertion was made to render my stay agreeable. But instead of keeping my promise to forget Adela, I forgot every thing but her—every sound of amusement became tedious, and existence itself insufferable. After remaining there a few days, in a state verging to distraction, I told my friend I should be obliged to return home immediately, without giving any reason for the abruptness of my departure. I accordingly started for home—I recollect my feelings very well when I took a last look at my friend’s house: that house where I had received so many civilities and endearments. Did it bring a sigh—a tear? No—but with a cursed

ingratitude, a smile. Yes, I felt a degree of pleasure that I had not known since I left home. The wind was fresh, and our passage promised soon to be at an end. The gentle breeze, however, increased to such a gale that we were obliged to come to. As I approached home my impatience increased. the gale had alarmed me, but I soon found this delay would be infinitely worse. With difficulty, and after some persuasion and reward, I prevailed on the men to put me on board another vessel that was going on. The weather had become very rough and boisterous. I stood and watched the waves as they broke over us, in their fury, with pleasure—for they were hastening me to the object of my adoration.

My return home was entirely unexpected, and I felt utterly at a loss what reason to give for returning so soon. I felt ashamed, and vexed at myself when I reflected with what indifference Adela had parted with me—that I had treated my friends so ill, who had done so much to welcome my arrival and render my visit agreeable. In vexation and bitterness I cursed the Circean wreath that bound me to her power—but it was firm and unyielding. I would curse it—but that curse would not blight its brilliance, or burst it asunder.

She looked, if possible, more enchanting than ever; and I was received with a warmer welcome than I had ever before known. Her former coldness and indifference vanished, and I felt and knew that I was a welcome visitor. It was some time, however, before her lips told the feelings of her heart—but her eye at times spoke a language it was impossible to misunderstand, and betrayed the feelings of that heart. I recollect well the time when she first satisfied by words what the language of her looks had anticipated—when she sunk in my embrace, and lip met lip, in warm and heartfelt glow of passion.

“’Twas the first time I dared so much,
“And yet she chid not.”

I was now completely blessed—oh! they were happy hours. Day rolled on day, and month on month, and the last found us still happier than the former—but these joys were blasted! In the autumn of 18—she received an invitation from a relative at the eastward to make his house her home—the offer was kind—necessity compelled her acceptance of it, and she went—where I know not—since that time I have never seen or heard from her—perhaps never shall.

I doubt very much whether I shall ever feel that pure, constant, enthusiastic fondness for any being in existence—or ever see another whom I shall meet with that delightful welcome. I parted from her with heart-clinging reluctance. I have not forgotten her—but the lapse of time and absence have thrown a chilling veil over that heart that once was hers—yes, solely, warmly, sincerely hers.

After her departure I was alone. The

places I had neglected for her, now neglected me in return—but it was some time before I had the least relish for society—it was more pleasure for me to visit scenes which we had known together in our hours of happiness. The summer-house I pointed out to you was one—often have I stolen from the gay circle, and come alone to this spot, to recall Adela. “Hew! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tue meminisse!”

But I am becoming too poetic. I had now formed a new circle of acquaintance, and was again in the circle of beauty;—my attention, however, was general—it piqued the pride and vanity of one for whom I felt some attachment, and I soon became the dupe of Ann —’s vanity. I again left the general circle, and was devoted to her. I was kindly received, so long as I ministered to her folly: I felt an attachment for her I was ashamed of owning—for I felt confident she did not love me. The web of fascination she had woven to enthrall me, was stronger than I was at first aware of; however, it was broken, and I now can meet her with indifference instead of rapture.

A dull and cheerless interval now elapsed, a momentary brightness once flashed upon my path, but it soon passed away. Louisa — was the form whose smile threw temporary light upon that gloom. I became acquainted with her at her father’s residence at —, where I spent some happy hours, and parted from her with reluctance. After my return home, for some time the only pleasure I had was listening to the tunes she had played or sung for me. The last tune she played the night previous to my leaving there, was “The Banks O’Doon”—that tune recalled the last kiss, and the last embrace; the thought was rapture. Some months elapsed before I saw her again, when she came to the city. I met her with indifference, and vainly attempted to discover those beauties in her that had so enchanted me—but I gave up the task in despair. I unfortunately wounded her feelings, pride, and vanity, to such a degree, that I doubt much whether she wished to see me very often. But peace to her—she is now beyond the reach of a similar affair.

“Alike beyond its hope, its dread,
“In gloomy safety, like the dead.”

I was going to say something respecting that paragon of purity and virtue—that star of beauty—that pearl of the first value, Chrystalina: but the *affair*, (as she terms it,) is really so trifling, that I can scarcely say any thing about it—suffice it to say, that on first acquaintance, I considered her the most interesting girl I ever saw. Heaven seemed to beam from her eyes, and her every thought seemed pure as unshined snow. “But how has the gold become changed and the fine gold become dim.” Amen.

The last circumstance in the order of narrative is so strange in its whole course, that I scarcely know how to pro-

ceed. You must be satisfied with a general instead of a detailed account. It was in the Autumn of —, that my acquaintance with Caroline — commenced. I think I may say safely that the first impression was not very forcible, inasmuch as it was nearly three weeks before I saw her again. After that I visited there more, but felt not the least attachment; idle and extravagant compliments was all she ever heard from me, and even if, at times, they wore the resemblance of truth, they were heartless and unfelt. Ten months rolled on in this way, during which I saw her often, but with very little interest. I was received politely, kindly; and she, at times, evinced a devotedness to my happiness and welfare, that I could not but feel grateful for. That soon became a warmer feeling, and I was with her very frequently; it was during the winter that I learnt circumstances that placed her professions in a doubtful light. These were plausibly contradicted, and I saw her again;—it was not until this that I knew the power that fettered me. The whole detail of our acquaintance has been strange; I hardly know how to go on, or what to say; shall I say that she has not the least influence over me, or that I never wish to see her? I fear I should be saying what was false. She is a strange being, so wavering you cannot trust her professions or repose in her promises. What then? shall I ask counsel for direction? you might as well counsel the winds of Heaven, or the waves of the Atlantic.

But I am writing now with feelings that are not *invariably the same*. In this strange, contradictory inconsistent affair, I sometimes feel absolutely indifferent, and then again—but I wont expose my folly any more. Adieu!

For the American Athenæum.

THE ITINERANT—No. X.
YOUTHFUL DAYS.

HERE I am again, ladies and gentlemen, returned to the good city of Gotham, and shall continue my effusions under your kind patronage. Before I proceed any farther I would say a word to the fair sex, distinguished here, alike, for the qualities of their mind as well as for the general beauty of their personal appearance. I should have done this before, ladies, but for two reasons—the first, I am a bachelor turned of fifty, who knows very well how indifferent he must appear in your eyes—the second is, the fear that what I might conceive to be a duty you would treat as an intrusion. Having overcome the diffidence occasioned by the first; and the second objection being removed by the name of Proteus having been allowed to become familiar, in as far as it has been permitted to reach its tenth number, I now have the pleasure of making my *devoirs* to you, exclusively.

I am about to recount some of the adventures of my youthful days, when my sky was clear and my horizon unclouded;

when every desire of my heart was pleasure; when the willing smile of beauty was my day-dream; when passion swayed triumphant in my breast, and when my altar was the full-beaming eye of my loved one. Such days have been, but now they are to me, like the beacon-light to the mariner that leaves the shore, when all is lost in obscurity, and he sees the receding rays growing dimmer and dimmer upon him, he strains his sight to catch the last glimpse of its brightness. I shall tell of them because the recollection of sorrow, as well as of joy, is soothing; and if I should elicit the sympathy of one generous breast my wishes will be accomplished.

Man, ardent in his passions, insatiable in the pursuit of whatever wish may be uppermost in his thoughts, requires to be passed many times through the crucible of earthly pains and infirmities before his mind becomes tempered to a degree sufficient to render him impenetrable to the assaults of misfortune. The trial is a severe one, and few there are who pass the ordeal without bearing some marks of its severity. The hearts of many are broken in the moulding, those of others come forth with an impression of firmness which makes them appear like the ancient feudal tower, unassailable without, yet possessing within itself every means of attack as well as of resistance.

I love to sit alone and look back upon the times when no care nor solicitude shadowed the light of my way, the days of my young enjoyment; and yet further on, to my first love, which though unfortunate, has yet the power to raise pleasurable emotions, for its fervency is over. I no longer think on it with passion, its reminiscences may be compared with the soft light of the moon contrasted with the broad glare of daylight. I was just eighteen when I became enamoured of M. E. She was pretty, but not beautiful; the charms of her person were, however, much enhanced by her conversation and manners. My disposition was warm even to enthusiasm, but there was yet that boyish bashfulness about me which made me diffident in addressing young women; she saw my embarrassment when in her society, which, to say the truth, was increased by the passion which I felt rising in my bosom. I took no pains to subdue it. I dwelt on it by day, and it was my only dream at night. We saw each other frequently; even now I am not astonished at the power she possessed over me—she was the only female whose feelings I had ever found reciprocate with my own; we would frequently walk for hours together, after the busy hum and bustle of the day had given way to evening's calmness and repose. We forgot the world; its hopes and its fears were indifferent to us, we heeded no existence beyond the sphere of our own hearts—and who would believe that this, on her part, was no more than a semblance, a mere bait to catch the poor fool who believed her. I thought

she was all heart, when she had *none*—the words which I interpreted into the effusions of a soul as pure as the ether which we were breathing, were the rank productions of a vitiated mind and corrupted feelings. I know it now, but then I was deep in her toils, and I shall never cease to remember this period of my life as the happiest I ever experienced; deep sorrow, and nearly a broken heart followed it; but when time and absence had mellowed its recollection, and more and subsequent aircastles had tumbled, like this, to nothing, I could bear to think on it without any emotion of sorrow.

One moonlight evening, I was sitting alone with her, I had never yet spoken of love to her directly, and I had longed for a moment propitious to a declaration of my sentiments—there was not a soul near us, she looked to me more beautiful than I had ever imagined woman perhaps it is that the mind, by dwelling long and fondly upon a being which it loves, will endow it with qualities which it does not in reality possess. I endeavoured to address her as I was wont, but the words fell, half articulated, from my lips, and I shrunk back within myself, awed at the mere idea of what I wished to disclose.—I rose from my seat, and paced the room rapidly for a few moments—feeling bolder, I drew nigher to her; as I advanced I found my heart sinking, and I stood before her incapable of utterance; at length I made a desperate effort, and seating myself beside her, I began—"Maria!"—my feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears.

When I had again composed myself, I took her hand, and declared my love; as I proceeded I felt her tears falling quick and hot on my hands, which yet held hers. I was sure of a reply which would make me happy—how could it be otherwise? Had we not already, in the silent feelings of our bosoms, exchanged affections. I thought so—but hearken—I concluded, and she answered—"I can never love you, and could I, we are both too young to think of marriage." "Say but that you will love no other, Maria! say that, by a devotion as fond as it is pure, I may merit your affections at a more distant period, and I will be satisfied." "I can make no promises," she answered—"at present I do not love you, neither can I promise not to bestow my affections elsewhere." "But my existence, my life depends upon you, and will you not grant the last boon of a being, who, away from you, cannot be but unhappy. If I have no reason to expect a return from you, why has your every action been directed towards making me believe that my heart would be an acceptable offer." She replied, "I shall never bestow my hand unaccompanied by my affections. The sentiments which I entertain towards you are such as the most cordial friendship inspires, but more I cannot tell you—to flatter you with hopes were useless, for I will confess to you, I love another, and am to

be married next week." I started up from my seat in an agony indescribable; my head felt as it might burst, my clasped hands hung down before me, and I stood speechless, staring on vacancy. I resumed my quick, unsteady pacing over the floor, wishing, at every step, the earth would open beneath and swallow up the poorest wretch that trod its surface, for then I was indeed miserable. I had walked in an enchanted garden, and at the moment when I would pluck its roses the spell was broken, the flowers were become weeds; like Satan's apple, I tasted, and it was ashes.

The entrance of her sister contributed to restore me to my senses. I left the house for the last time, but my thoughts were yet its inmates. She had convinced me that to renew my suit were fruitless indeed. I would not even then have married her had she been the suppliant, for she had played upon my feelings, and those my tenderest ones; yet we cannot at once tear from us those ideas which we loved to fondle and cherish; time may effect it, yet the first essays at eradication are severely painful.

When I had reached my chamber, I sat with my head buried, for a few moments, in my hands, under the influence of the most violent emotions. I determined never to see her more, and wrote her the following note.

"Madam—The executioner that strikes his axe at the prostrate criminal is merciful, when compared with the assassin who waylays me in the dark but to be the more sure of his blow. Your arts that have led me to the top of a precipice screened beneath a path of allurements, may now enjoy their triumph in my wretchedness; but you shall not enjoy my humiliation. I shall never again behold you. May the man who receives your hand have feelings indifferent to your conduct, else from my heart I pity him, for I know you cannot love. Farewell!"

I shall continue this in the next, until when, indulgent reader, if you are not already out of patience—Adieu!

PROTEUS.

For the American Athenæum.

NOTES ON LISBON.—No. II.

BY A TRAVELLER.

"In walking through the streets of Lisbon, I am not a little amused with the appearance of the Portuguese carriages.—The only ones, in fact, that I have seen, are two-wheeled chaises, of the most clumsy construction. They generally have two mules, on one of which rides a driver, behind the carriage another servant is placed, and they both have cocked-hats. The nobility have four mules. At this time horses are scarce, and it is impossible to hire one under eight dollars a day.

The donkeys, although very small animals, carry immense loads. In the panniers, thrown over their backs, they sustain a weight under which a horse would almost sink. These creatures are used

entirely by the market-people, to bring their several articles to market. Carts are uncommon. I have seen three or four only, and these were drawn by oxen.—Their construction is remarkably rude; instead of having the axle fastened to the cart, and the wheels to revolve around it, the wheels are actually fastened to the axle, and both of them revolve as the cart is drawn along. The axle passes through two grooves, one in each of the beams of the cart. The friction thus produced, and the consequently greater proportion of animal labour that becomes requisite, renders them both very tardy and dear. If we are to judge of the mechanical knowledge of the Portuguese from this specimen, we must consider them as very far behind us in the United States. And so they are in most other respects. Until a thorough revolution of manners, and opinions, and habits has been effected, these people cannot materially improve in any science whatever. They possess not ingenuity sufficient to make any discoveries themselves, and are yet too proud and prejudiced to borrow from their neighbours.

I had occasion to go on board of the vessel in which we arrived, for the purpose of getting my baggage. An officer of the customs was on board, and refused to let us have our baggage, alleging it was contrary to the laws to take anything from a vessel during the Christmas holidays; he took care to add, however, that if we would make him a small compensation he would, in the present instance, violate the law. We accepted his offer, and each gave him a dollar. This man's plea for his conduct was, that he had a large family of children, whom he was not able to maintain in any other way. I have since learned, that on account of the scanty salaries they receive, even judges, not unfrequently, allow themselves to be bribed. What Pope said of women is strictly applicable to men of this description—"She is most virtuous, who is not tempted." Every officer of government ought to be placed above the reach of temptation, by a competent and decent provision. If the government does not provide for its officers, it is censurable in the highest degree. It not only exposes them to criminality and contempt, but lays itself open to constant imposition and injury.

After the baggage was brought ashore, it was carried to our lodgings by porters. These are somewhat different from ours at home. They have no wheel or hand-barrows, but carry every thing on their shoulders. The weight they are thus able to carry is truly astonishing. One of them alone bore four trunks of no very diminutive bulk and weight.

The first sabbath I spent here called up some very peculiar feelings. Sunday is considered by the Portuguese a day of sport and recreation. The theatre and opera are both open, and better attended than on other days. Cards, billiards, and other like games are regarded as harm-

less and fit enjoyments, not only by the ordinary inhabitants but even by the religious orders. Such is one of the moral effects of bigotry and superstition.

In company with some others, I walked up to the Inquisition square, fronting which stands the terrible office of the Inquisition—the head quarters of bigotted credulity and iniquity. Under the square are cells in which persons seized by the religious banditti of this holy institution, are usually confined. The inquisition is pretty much exploded. On the celebration of *Corpus Christi*, in June last, the whole square was hung with crimson velvet, which must have produced a splendid effect, while the colour was highly appropriate to the character and objects of the place.

Near the inquisition is the public Garden, which offers the only promenade in the whole city, that is resorted to by both sexes. The garden is large, and the walks very fine, but the taste displayed in it is forced and artificial. There is little appearance of nature preserved, and where that is the case, real beauty is out of the question. Art is indeed necessary and useful to prune the luxuriance of nature; the instant it is carried beyond this point, it defeats the very object of its application. The walks are lined on each side with box, cut into the shape of cones, spirals, pyramids, &c. Besides the box, other trees of various kinds, such as myrtle, &c. are planted around, and lend a grateful shade. The garden is irrigated likewise by a fountain from which the water runs into a number of small canals. On a stranger's first view of the garden produces an effect not unpleasant; a second visit is sure to betray its want of variety; and the absence of nature throughout every part of it.

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1825.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF NEW-YORK.

In a late National Gazette Mr. Walsh informs his readers that the difficulties in this institution were at length adjusted, and that the Professors had obtained a complete triumph over their opponents. Where Mr. Walsh obtained this information we are at a loss to conjecture. This much we can say upon unquestionable authority, that it is *incorrect in every part*. The difficulties which arose from a representation made to the regents by the trustees of the College of mismanagement of the funds, &c. were submitted by the regents to a committee, which met in this city in July last, and examined into the condition of the institution. The result will be laid before the board of Regents as soon as that body meets, which will be in January next. In the mean time nothing can of course be done, and neither side can be said to have triumphed. The Professors have indeed issued a circular without the authority of the College, in which such an assertion is advanced; but it has been promptly denied by another circular issued by the Trustees themselves, the only legitimate authority of this institution. Impartial

ourselves, we nevertheless wish to see the truth stated for the satisfaction of the Public, and as to the College our best wishes attend its prosperity.

M. M. NOAH.

Our readers are no doubt already acquainted with the extraordinary production of this gentleman, to which he has given the high sounding appellation of a Proclamation, and by the power of which he has constituted himself a Judge and Governor over seven millions of Israelites, wherever they may be scattered among the nations of the earth. The manner in which Mr. Noah has permitted himself to be invested with this ample and responsible power, has awakened no little surprise, it not being in strict accordance with the principles laid down by a certain instrument, known by the name of the Constitution of the United States, and which it would have seemed, had been hitherto the object of Mr. N.'s whole life to support and defend. This instrument expressly places the power of bestowing office in the hands of the people to be governed, a method Mr. Noah has in theory admired to no ordinary degree. His practice appears somewhat different, unless indeed we admit, that he considered himself the people—there being no other present but himself, and therefore no other but himself to elect and to be elected. Nor is this novel. Sancha Panza's case was a felicitous model for Mr. Noah and he has followed it most adroitly.

It is generally asked what can be the objects Noah has in view, and secondly, do his people sanction his proceedings? As to the first question, it is difficult to answer. Mr. Noah's previous life gives us no warrant to believe that he is a religious enthusiast. And yet unless we believe this, we must come to the painful conclusion, that either the hopes of a profitable speculation, or an insatiable thirst and unconquerable love of notoriety has induced him to trifle with the most sacred subjects of religion, and expose himself to the ridicule, of "the world" he addresses, and to the serious denunciation of the more intelligent and good among his own brethren. For, in answer to the second query, we speak undoubted authority, when we say, that his proceedings are condemned *in toto* by the Israelites in this country; and that it is only respect for their own dignity, and unwillingness to give undue importance to Mr. Noah's serio-comic proceedings, which withholds them from a public disavowal of this would-be Judge.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.

Mrs. Barnes has made her appearance on the boards of this theatre since our last notice, and attracted full and fashionable houses. She still possesses all her wonted interest and pathos in tragedy, and she has not lost her sprightliness and life in comedy. She first appeared in Charlotte in the Hypocrite, and met with a gracious and warm welcome. She has since performed with Cooper, and imparted additional effect to the exertions of that actor.

On Monday evening was brought out, for the first time in America, the play of WILLIAM TELL, written by Knowles, the author of *Virginia*, &c. It attracted a very full audience, and was received with great applause. The story of this heroic Swiss Mountaineer is too well known, to require any recapitulation. The author has contrived his scenes and situations with considerable dramatic effect, and the character of William Tell is simply and naturally drawn. Mr. Cooper gave us a finer specimen of his acting in this part

than in any other in which we recollect to have seen him for a long time. The scene in which he is first brought prisoner, in heavy chains, before the tyrant, and his boy exposed to his recognition, was performed in a masterly style. The dignity of the freeman, the integrity of the man contended with the yearnings of the father's heart for his only son, the pride of his age, and the hope of his country. Cooper personified the part to the very life. When the arrow which he had intended for Gesler, in case of his missing the apple and killing his child, was discovered, and he was questioned as to his purpose, the reply "it was intended for thee," was uttered with the most admirable power.

Mrs. Barnes as the son of William Tell added a wreath to her laurels. In the trying scene with the father, she gave decisive proofs of her accurate conception of her part, and of her ability to portray its reality.

The other actors generally did well. Gesler was well represented by Woodhull, but once he forgot Hamlet's advice, to preserve modulation even in his passion.

This play will be repeated this evening for Mr. Cooper's benefit. We wish him a bumper.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 24th.—The celebrated melo-drama of the *LADY OF THE LAKE* has been performed at this theatre with a degree of splendour, expense and embellishment, which confer the highest credit on the proprietor. The scenery, dresses, and decorations are entirely new, and of the richest description. A more beautiful and brilliant dramatic spectacle is not to be witnessed, we feel confident, at any theatre, and we trust that the most liberal patronage will reward the exertions of Mr. Barrere in affording so high a gratification to the public. The first scene exhibits a charming view of Loch Katrine, with several islands in the perspective and a distant prospect of Ben-Venue and Ben-An. As the curtain rises, the echoes of a bugle are heard, and grow stronger, till Fitz James appears on a projecting rock, and winds his bugle. After a pause he descends, and the little shallop of Ellen is seen to glide in the distance among the islands. As "she paddles her light canoe" closer towards the shore and the audience, its size grows more distinct, till she lands, and encounters the wanderer, Fitz-James. After expressing the alarm natural to the occasion, she unveils, and invites him to the Highland halls of her father. Fitz-James assists her into the boat, takes the oar, and they depart as the scene closes. The second scene presents the bower of Douglas, the walls hung round with trophies of the chase and warlike weapons; Allan-Bane and Lady Margaret are discovered. A chorus is heard, at a distance, and gradually becomes louder. Fitz-James and Ellen enter. After partaking of refreshment, and receiving from Ellen an intimation that her affections are not at her own disposal, he places a signet ring on her finger, and is leaving her, when a huge broad sword which hangs over the door falls at his feet, and as he comes forward the bag-pipes are heard. The barges of Roderick's clan are discerned through the casement, and Fitz-James departs. Nothing can exceed the picturesque appearance in the third scene of the barges filled with clansmen approaching the island, and landing to the grand chorus of "Hail to the chief." Roderick Dhu and his martial train are ushered in with the chorus, and Lady Margaret appears on the opposite side with her attendants. Roderick advances to salute Ellen, but starts back on perceiving Malcolm Græme, and proffers his suit and alliance against King James to her father. These are declined by Douglas, and Malcolm is leading Ellen off, when Roderick attacks him with jealous rage till they are separated. Malise conducts Bryan the recluse forward holding a cross of yew. The clansmen erect an altar, and kindle the pile with torches. Having lighted the cross at the altar, Bryan exclaims,

'Wo to the wretch who fails to rear,
'At this dread sign, the ready spear.'

During the chorus of 'Wo to the traitor, wo,' the cross having been quenched in a vessel of blood, Roderick snatches it, and flings it to Malise, exclaiming, 'Speed, Malise, speed, with

fleetest foot begone, and bear this charmed cross speed, Malise speed!' In a few moments the skiff of Malise is beheld in perspective flying across the lake upon his warlike mission, and thus terminates the first act. The second exhibits in the first scene a wild mountainous pass and tumbling cataract, with a rude bridge thrown across a deep glen, and the warriors of Roderick slumbering on the ground. Brian, the Hermit, descends from a large cliff, and addresses the chieftain with the prediction,

'Who first shall spill the foremost foeman's life,
'That party shall be victors in the fight.'

Malise rushes in, and announces the coming of the enemy. After a grand tramp-march by the clan of Roderick, the shifting evolutions of which afford a most pleasing exhibition, they depart, and Blanch, the maniac, appears, singing in a mournful manner. Fitz-James and Murdock pass over the bridge, and, when near the centre, Murdock draws his dirk, and is on the point of stabbing Fitz-James in the back, when Blanche appears on a rock facing them, screams, and Murdock drops his dirk in the abyss. Blanch screams again, and runs away followed by Fitz-James, and afterwards Murdock, who seems to menace revenge against both. They re-enter, and Blanch drawing Fitz-James apart attempts to warn him, by a ballad, of his danger from Murdoch's treachery. Murdoch whoops aloud, whistles, then suddenly springs on Fitz-James. A struggle takes place, and Murdoch runs up the rocks to the bridge, draws his bow and shoots Blanch, while pursued by Fitz-James. Blanch comes forward with the arrow in her breast, and Fitz-James appears on the bridge, stabs Murdoch, throws him into the chasm, then hastens to Blanch, and tries to staunch her wound. She puts in his hand a little tress of yellow hair, invokes his vengeance for her wrongs against Roderick Dhu, and expires in his arms. Another view of the highlands presents Fitz-James, benumbed and drenched with rain. Roderick meets him, and after some parley, invites him to partake of food and fire. At the pass of Benlede Roderick whistles, and his clansmen spring up in an instant, like the armed warriors in the heathen mythology, who grew from the teeth of a dragon. At a signal they vanish, and Roderick, as yet unknown to Fitz-James, proclaims himself. They engage in a furious combat, Fitz-James is overpowered, and Roderick draws his dagger to despatch him, but falls from fatigue and loss of blood, while Fitz-James arises, and returns thanks to Heaven for his preservation. The next act presents the guard-room with groupes of soldiers, and Allan Bane and Ellen are led in by Bertram. A voice, which she recognises as Malcolm Græme's in captivity, sings from an upper apartment. The second scene shows the park of the castle, and Fitz-James in his chair of state. A Morrice dance is performed, to which succeeds a contest between the archers, and a wrestling match. A stranger bears off all the prizes, and the soldiers are rushing upon him, when he throws off his disguise, discovers the armour of Douglas, and surrenders himself. In the court-yard Ellen runs to Fitz-James, supplicates his assistance for her father, and shows the signet ring. In the fourth scene the clansmen of Roderick appear, bearing his corpse, and the pathetic air "Oft in the stilly night," is most appropriately and beautifully chanted as a Lament, by Allan Bane. The last scene exhibits a splendid and accurate view of the interior of Stirling Castle. King James advances in his royal habiliments, attended by his court, and directs Ellen Douglas to approach the throne. A lord in waiting goes out, and immediately returns with Ellen, who, trembling and abashed, enters the hall of audience. At length she timidly raises her head, and recognises Fitz-James as the King. She runs to the throne, points to the riag, and falls prostrate on the ground.—The King descends, raises and recognises her. Douglas enters, and Ellen rushes into his arms. Malcolm Græme is led in and kneels—the King takes off the chain of gold from his own neck, places it round Malcolm's, and gently drawing him to Ellen, lays the clasp in her hand. The lovers kneel, the guards form a line at the back, and at a signal from the King they turn their spears, and in transparent letters display the watch-word, "Our Native Land."